

Wichita Eagle

HUMPTY DUMPTY.

I suppose you will think that was not her true name, but it was. She was a little colored girl, a slave, but she had a good master and mistress who never ill-treated her who were dependent on them, but did all they could to make them happy.

When the baby opened its eyes upon this world her parents were much exercised over a name for her, but before it was settled it became too certain that the poor little creature was doomed to pass through life in sad deformity. The dark, curly head curled around too far on the shoulders and the back arched behind it.

"Oh!" exclaimed Harry Fairleigh, the first time he saw the baby. "Why, mamma, she's a regular Humpty Dumpty, isn't she?"

"What's that, mamma?" cried Aunt Dinah, her ear caught by the new name.

"Humpty Dumpty on the wall—Humpty Dumpty on a fall."

quoted Harry, and that ended the search for a name, big names for the little stranger, and so Humpty, as they called her, became a recognized member of the household, and by no means a useless one as she grew older.

"Humpty has more thought, young as she is, than all the rest of the slaves put together," Mrs. Fairleigh used to say, and it was true.

Humpty's master lived in Georgia on a large plantation where cotton and sugar cane grew in great luxuriance. He had a large number of slaves, whose neat little houses were scattered all over the plantation, each one with its own garden plot.

The Fairleighs had a beautiful home, plenty of money, and love and peace among themselves, so they ought to have been happy, you will think. And so they were, as far as these things went, but over all there was a cloud, a tiny one at first, but it kept growing bigger and bigger, causing Mr. Fairleigh many an hour of the sharpest anxiety, until by the time Humpty was 14 years old the sky darkened, the thunder began to mutter, and the long looked for storm broke forth.

Mr. Fairleigh's home, which had been his father's and his grandfather's before him, was not far from the Florida line, and the Indian village of Miccosukee was only a few miles on the other side.

Florida was then a Spanish province, though the Spanish commanders had no power outside their forts, posts, and in the interior, the Seminole Indians, who, as their name indicates, were "runaways" from the Creek nation, held full sway. The Red Stick tribe of the Miccosukee village were their allies, and were called Red Stick because in the center of the village stood a tall pole painted red, to denote the warriors' thirst for the blood of the palefaces, and on it were many hundreds of American scalps.

Besides these hostile Indians there were hundreds of runaway slaves and escaped convicts roaming at will over the beautiful Florida wilderness, ready at all times to join the Indians in robbing and murdering Americans. They spared the Spaniards because the Spanish authorities in Florida encouraged their lawless acts. So, as you may believe, things were bad enough at all times, but now they were growing worse, and all the families in the declared war. For months past Mr. Fairleigh's anxiety had been intense, and again and again he had urged his wife to abandon their home until peace should be restored.

But Mrs. Fairleigh loved her home and was not willing to leave it, so kept putting off her departure.

The day came, however, late in March, 1816, when her husband came riding home from the town, twenty miles away, at breakneck speed, his face white and drawn with intense excitement.

He rode straight to the stable, called the slaves together and made them harness all the horses and mules to the wagons. Then he came to the house and loaded up all the most valuable furniture.

"Be quick!" he ordered. "The Red Sticks are on the march, and we must get off as fast as possible. There! Don't wait for me; work, work, with all your might; that will do more good than howling!"

Then he dashed into the house, and in a moment more all there was bustle and confusion and rapid, energetic action. In less than three hours the mansion was deserted and its whole population well on the road towards a place of safety.

But of course, when the flight had been so hasty, some important things had been forgotten, and so a week later, hearing that the Indians had left the fort for the frontier for the time, Mr. Fairleigh decided to return to the plantation for a few days, taking with him Elvira Solis (for thus had Humpty's parents named her elder brother, acting on the advice of mischievous Harry), a sturdy youth of 18, and Humpty, to look after them, for young as she was she had learned a great deal of this difficult art.

There was much to do to prepare for a long absence, so the three were very busy, and every little while Humpty, who of course felt very anxious, crept out upon the roof to look for signs of the enemy, and at last, on the second day, quite early in the morning, her heart gave a great leap as she saw over the trees top a column of smoke rising skyward. She knew that only one thing could make such a smoke in that particular spot, a burning house, that of the nearest neighbor two miles away, and she was equally sure that the Indians were there robbing and burning, and only not murdering because the family had deserted their home.

Humpty was only a little girl, only a little negro hunchback. The sight and the shock overcame her. Her eyes were like a bad she rolled down the ladder that led to the roof and lay on the floor screaming at the top of her voice. Only for a moment, though. Then she stopped, caught her breath, doubled up her fists and pummeled herself unmercifully.

"You, Humpty, you miserable critter," she cried indignantly, "get right up, and run and tell mamma and Solis! There now, stop yelling! Get up quick, mess, mess, little nigger, you! There like you ought to be scalded, but don't want to, no how—oh, Lord!"

Fanning and breathless, little Humpty rushed across the fields to Mr. Fairleigh and her brother, and in a few moments all three were running back to the house. But before they had gone half way a shot, another and another from the young forest warned them that their dogs were already upon them.

They were close to the big cabin, once used as a smoke house for curing and stoking, running up on the outside, and on the inside a large fireplace and two rooms.

Since the new troubles with the Indians Mr. Fairleigh had repaired the cabin, and had a high, strong picket fence around it, intending, if he was so unfortunate as to be surprised by the enemy, to take refuge there until help could come from the settlement.

In the cabin was a keg of powder, a good store of bullets and several pairs of pistols, a bag of water and some provisions, for he had thought it all out and prepared for a short siege, if needs must.

The bullets rattled against the picket fence as the three fugitives rushed toward the gate and burst, it boomed them. Elvira Solis, with her teeth chattering and screaming under the reproaches of his elder as "a nigger, nigger," the negro child of Indiana, was

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became a Woman, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

to help his master get out and lead the half dozen rifles that the latter's forethought had placed ready to their hands. Around the inside of the two rooms that constituted their cabin a platform had been raised for the express purpose of being used to fire at the Indians over the top of the tall fence.

A large party of them ran out from the woods as the gate closed, but after two or three had been dropped to the ground by the balls from Mr. Fairleigh's rifle they fled for their lives, and the rest of the party, who were exposed to his fire while crossing the open field.

So, for the present, they contented themselves by sending a shot now and then at the cabin and by burning down the beautiful house where Mr. Fairleigh's grandfather, father, himself and his children had been born.

As soon as the house and stable were in flames the Indians noisily retired, driving before them the two horses that had brought them to the place of refuge.

And then all was quiet and peaceful as the hours wore on toward nightfall. Only for the smoke that rose from the site of the ruined home of the Fairleighs there was not a sign that an enemy was near.

But Mr. Fairleigh was not deceived nor tempted beyond the endurance that sheltered the old cabin. He knew the Indians were there in the woods, watching and waiting for the cover of darkness to creep down upon it unawares.

Humpty kept watch while her master and Solis arranged pieces of fat wood, placed in the enclosure on purpose to serve as a purpose, so that they would burn through the night and cast a light on the whole line of fence, for the worst danger they had to face was that the Indians might succeed in getting through the fence and then enter the cabin through the roof or set fire to it.

As soon as it was dark Humpty was stationed as a lookout at the loopholes, while the other two waited the pine knots and then stood close against the pickets ready to fire at a moment's warning.

Before long Humpty saw a round dark object rise above the top of the fence and a warning note told Solis, who guarded that side. In a second there was a flash and report, a yell, and the dark object disappeared.

Later on the little hunchback's keen eyes detected a suspicious movement in a corner that was partly in the shadow, and a shot from Mr. Fairleigh was followed by a shriek and the heavy fall inside the enclosure of a dead Indian.

There was a long rest after this, but toward daylight were awake Humpty thought she detected a rustling in the room with the chimney and the huge fireplace, and as she went softly in several small pieces of clay rattled down. The little girl hesitated a moment, then crept cautiously near and looked up the chimney. Strange to say, as Humpty crept back and tiptoed across the room, her dark face gleamed all over like a ray of sunshine bursting out of a cloud and spreading over the landscape.

In perfect silence she picked up some pieces of fat pine, used for kindling, and filled her arms with the coverings from a bed in the corner.

"Hi! hi!" she chuckled, shaking her head to foot, "I'll swing at chicken, fer sinner; first rate! He won't know what's happened. Goose up the chimney; swings 'em, swings 'em well!"

Quick as a flash Humpty placed the kindlings in the fireplace, lighted them, and when they blazed up, threw on the bedclothes, and then more wood.

Then, the picture of delight, she darted away, and mounted to a loophole.

"Hi! rascal, I'll swing at chicken, fer sinner; first rate! He won't know what's happened. Goose up the chimney; swings 'em, swings 'em well!"

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AN ELOQUENT WOMAN PREACHER.

Rev. Mary C. Jones and Her Work for Humanity's Good.

CHICAGO, March 25.—Called in a peculiar way, and, as the legal books have it, without "knowledge and forethought" on her own part to declare the gospel, Mrs. Mary C. Jones' ministrations have been attended with such invariable and pronounced success that there is but one opinion as to her fitness for her vocation.

A slender woman of apparently fragile physique, with dark, wide open eyes and a face "whose every feature hath the power to add the expression of the hour," she looks the inspirationist's sister. Still, while possessing in a remarkable degree "that quality which makes the moment great," she has what rarely accompany such gifts, viz., positive and clearly defined principles, excellent business ability and sound judgment.

Mrs. Jones is a native of New Hampshire, and is now 47 years of age. Her father was English and her mother Scotch. She secured an academic education through her own efforts, having taught school when she was barely 13.

Before she was 12 years of age she was exercised in regard to religion and joined the Methodist church. Although she remained connected with it for eighteen years, she was by no means an active member, and says that she became proud, ambitious and devoted to worldly pleasures.

In 1877, through an affliction of the eyes, she was deprived of sight, and, with no intention of doing public work, became imbued with a desire to consecrate her life to the service of God. Shortly afterwards she removed with her husband and family to Seattle, Wash. The great need of church workers opened the way, and she was soon prominent in the Sunday school and as a helper in the Young Men's Christian association.

Her first sermon was preached at the request of the church of which she was a member during the absence of the pastor. She says that upon this occasion her only thought was that she had the blessed privilege of telling five hundred souls, for whom Jesus died, of the saving power of his infinite love. Since that time, for nine years, Mrs. Jones has preached two and three times each Sunday, besides holding meetings during the week, and has had no rest save in traveling from place to place to fill appointments.

Very soon after she delivered her first sermon she was healed to speech. At the end of one year she changed her theological views and left the Methodist denomination and identified herself with the First Baptist church of Seattle. She was licensed to preach by this church, and in the absence of the pastor was called to act as a supply. His protracted absence made necessary the service of a regular minister, and the church called for her ordination. On the 9th day of July, 1882, she was regularly ordained by the First Baptist church of Seattle, sitting in council with representatives of other churches convened there at a meeting of the Baptist Association of Puget Sound and British Columbia.

The Hon. R. S. Green, then chief justice of the territory, was moderator of the council that ordained her, and says in regard to the matter: "As regards her fitness—she is the expression of those present was very firm, and displayed not the shadow of a doubt. Since her ordination God has greatly and continuously blessed her labor to the conversion of many souls, and to the uniting and enlarging of several churches." Although this is the first ordination of a woman in the close communion Baptist church, there was no dissenting voice when the vote was taken; it was, however, true that there were several members of the council who did not vote.

During her brief ministry, Mrs. Jones has organized several Baptist churches, and in two instances fine houses of worship were erected during her pastorate. Wherever she has preached churches have proven too small for the congregation.

In August, 1887, she was called to supply the pulpit of the First Baptist church at Spokane Falls, and in January, 1888, she received all the votes except two to become the pastor at a salary of \$1,000 a year. Until this time the church had been dependent for half the salary of their minister upon the Home Mission society.

However, as the board refused to recognize a woman as pastor, and because of this would extend no further financial aid, the church struck out boldly for itself, with the preacher of its selection at the helm. In less than two years one hundred and fifty members have been added to the church; the Sunday school, which numbers forty who are higher ideals and aspirations. "Less in rising into lofty abstractions less the difficulty than in seeing what is and lovingly the complexities of what is at hand." The complexities of what is at hand are the first care of the Rev. Mrs. Jones. She never writes nor lectures, but devotes her undivided effort to ministerial labor.

ANTONETTE VAN HORNEN.

Cruel Treatment of Sailors.

A most horrible tale of brutality came to light recently at New York city. Seen after reaching that port the crew of the ship Constantine, through the British consul, general, procured warrants for the arrest of First Mate Johns and Second Mate Lee. The former was captured, and in the subsequent examination it was shown that the members of the crew had been treated with the most savage cruelty. The belaying pin, the ax and the revolver were the favorite weapons of the mates, and not one of the sailors' rights in number was without visible evidence of mistreatment in the way of scars or wounds. Johns, who was held without bail, gave as excuse that the men were "tious."

To Sing Before the Star.

A glee club has been formed by the American students in the German universities, and the young men propose to make a tour of the European capitals, singing American melodies only. St. Petersburg is selected as the place for holding the first concert, and the club, who has promised to be present, will give a chance to hear "My Old Kentucky Home," "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," and, if the Russian police permit, such liberty laden airs as "Star Spangled Banner," "America" and "Hall Columbia."

Railroads in Connecticut.

Although Connecticut is but ninety miles long and seventy broad, it is so well supplied with railroads that you can travel in its cars close upon a thousand miles, it is said, without crossing its borders and without "repeating"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Valuable Acquisition.

"What can you do?" asked the officer. "Well, I can't write, and I can't edit, and I don't get literary judgment, but if I want a man that's all mangled in blame for writing 'The Feller yer want'—well—Harper's Bazar."

RISE SUN
STOVE POLISH
SAVES LABOR, CLEANLINESS,
DURABILITY & CHEAPNESS, UNEQUALLED.
NO ODOR WHEN HEATED.

A YOUNG DOUBTING THOMAS.

He Didn't Propose to Take Anybody's Word for A.

Some years ago there was living on Martha's Vineyard an old man who had never been off the island, and the extent of his knowledge was bounded by the confines of his home. He had been told of a war between the north and south, but as he had never heard the din of battle, he considered it a hoax. He was utterly unable to read and was ignorant to the last degree. An excellent story is told of his first and only day at school. He was quite a lad when a lady came to the district where his father resided to teach school. He was sent, and as the teacher was classifying the school, he was called up in turn and interrogated as to his former studies. Of course he had to say that he had never been to school and knew none of his letters. The teacher gave him a seat on one side until she had finished the preliminary examination of the rest of the scholars. She then called him to her and drew on the blackboard the letter A, and told him what it was and asked him to remember her. He looked, he looked at it a moment and then inquired the teacher: "H-how do you know it's A?"

The teacher replied that when she was a girl she had been to school to an old gentleman who had told her so.

The boy eyed the letter for a moment and then asked: "H-how did he know?"

"This was almost a stunner, but the teacher suddenly recollected that he had told her that when a boy had been to school to a lady who had told her so."

The boy again looked suspiciously at the letter, then burst out with: "H-how did he know but she told him?"

The teacher could not get over this obstacle and the boy was sent home as incorrigible.—New York Sunday Mercury.

The Little Lamb at Play.

"You will certainly come to some awful ending," said the ewe to her offspring.

"I have made a be-oh beginning, that's a fact," replied the lamb.—Washington Star.

IF WE COULD ONLY KNOW.

If we could only know
Just where the words which we do speak would go,
There would be fewer aching hearts below.

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Fourth National Bank.
WICHITA, KANSAS.
PAID UP CAPITAL - \$300,000
SURPLUS - 16,000

CITY MAP.

A handsome lithograph map of this city, containing the names of all the streets, parks, colleges and public buildings, hotels, etc. A complete map twelve by fifteen inches on thin paper, can be had for this office for 10 cents each.

H. E. LAWRENCE, Prop. A. J. DAVISON, Cashier.

East Side National Bank
CAPITAL, Paid Up, \$100,000.

DIRECTORS:
H. E. LAWRENCE, O. MARTINSON, H. L. SMITH, R. B. HARRIS, M. J. HARRIS, C. P. COLEMAN, G. R. CAMPBELL, L. SIMPSON, J. A. DAVISON.

State National Bank.
OF WICHITA, KAN.

CAPITAL, \$100,000
SURPLUS, 80,000

DIRECTORS:
John R. Carey, George W. Walker, W. F. Green, J. P. Allen, H. E. Lawrence, J. M. Allen, J. V. Healy, R. B. Harris, J. M. Harris, C. P. Coleman, G. R. Campbell, L. Simpson, J. A. DAVISON.

CITIZENS' BANK.

PAID UP CAPITAL - \$500,000
STOCKHOLDERS' LIABILITY, 1,000,000

Largest Paid Up Capital of any Bank in the State of Kansas.

DIRECTORS:
C. R. Miller, A. W. Bittling, M. Stewart, H. G. Lee, S. L. Davidson, W. E. Stanley, J. O. Davidson, John T. Carpenter.

Wichita National Bank.

PAID UP CAPITAL - \$250,000
SURPLUS - 80,000

DIRECTORS:
S. H. Kohn, A. W. Oliver, M. W. Levy, L. A. Walton, S. T. Tuttle, N. F. Niederlander, W. R. Tucker, John Davidson, J. C. Kahan.

Do a General Banking, Collecting and Brokerage Business.

Eastern and Foreign Exchange bought and sold. United States bonds of all denominations bought and sold. County, Township and Municipal bonds bought.

WANT TO BUY?
Want money?
Want a partner?
Want a situation?
Want to sell a farm?
Want to sell a house?
Want to sell a lot?
Want to sell a business?
Want to sell a stock?
Want to sell a bond?
Want to sell a note?
Want to sell a bill?
Want to sell a check?
Want to sell a receipt?
Want to sell a contract?
Want to sell a deed?
Want to sell a mortgage?
Want to sell a lease?
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